To the Rev. Peter Duncan,
with the Author's kind regards.

Abbeyg. 6th March. 1879.

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POEMS

BY

JAMES BALLANTINE,
JAMAICA.

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TO THE

PEOPLE OF IRVINE AND AYRSHIRE

(His native Town and Shire),

THESE POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE AUTHOR thinks it proper to state that many of the poetical compositions in the present volume have already appeared in our ephemeral literature, and attracted the kind attention of both editors and readers.

When induced by the state of his health to seek a more congenial climate in the winter of 1861, he had been requested by several (perhaps too admiring) friends to leave a selection of his pieces in their hands for publication; but the claims of revision were then felt to be too weighty to admit of his immediate consent.

Since that time the idea was permitted to slumber amidst the ordinary duties of life, and the languors of a tropical climate, till an esteemed missionary friend, compelled by loss of health to leave the West Indies for Scotland, solicited his preparation of the poems with a view to their publication under his kind superintendence. In the circumstances, but a rapid revision was possible; but the Author agreed to do his best. Several new pieces

were accordingly introduced—*e.g.*, "Gideon," "Hope's New Harp," "From a Ruin," etc.; not a few old pieces were well-nigh re-written—*e.g.*, "The Stars," "To the Linnet," "To the Nightshade," "St Ildafern's Well," etc.; while all the remaining ones were subjected to the usual processes of correction, condensation, and enlargement. The Author, however, is painfully conscious that such processes would need to be yet more rigorously applied. But his absence from the Press, and consequent inability to profit from that insight which *a line in type* so frequently affords, will not, he trusts, be forgotten by those critics into whose hands his unpretending volume may fall.

The work has been edited by the Rev. DANIEL M'LEAN, recently appointed theological tutor to the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, to whom the author begs to express his grateful acknowledgments.

FALMOUTH, JAMAICA,
November 1864.

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PRELUDE.

TIME, rushing onward on his tireless wing,
Wafts us o'er change's realm of shade and shine,
Far from the dear old scenes of youth's gay ring,
The hill-sands glowing, and the woodlands fine.

Something of change I've known: the scorching beams,
The palm trees rustling by the blue sea's foam,
And dusky faces where the cane-field gleams
Tell me old Scotland is no more my home.

Blame me not sternly, ye whose finer ear
My harp's rude symphony to charm may fail,
That for the friends who erst were pleased to hear,
I pour old numbers on the homeward gale.

'Tis sadly sweet, when come strange stars with night,
To bid fond Memory her rare wand wave,

And wake Langsyne in robes of pensive light,
Like moonshine sleeping on the moorland grave.

Brethren and Friends, farewell! On Time's dark river,
Like ships we're gliding to the shoreless sea—
What though with music's swell or banner's quiver?
O Christ, our pilot to the haven be!

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PRIESTHILL;

OR,

A LAY FOR THE SCOTTISH HEARTH.

Children.

Oh! Mother, come, while out in night
The wintry winds are sweeping,
And tell us round the ingle bright
A tale of the days of weeping—

A tale of the days when holy men
Were chased o'er the moorland dreary,
And fierce dragoons on hill and glen
Shot down the poor and weary.

Come, Mother, come to the sparkling fire,
And come to the old arm-chair;
For, Mother dear, we never tire
When you are speaking there!

Oh! come, and from the Past, to-night,
Call up some dear old story—
Not of the days of the Wallace wight,
But of the martyr's glory.

We'll sit all round with a deeper hush
Than when we heard you tell,
How England's flag before the rush
Of Bruce's spearmen fell!

Mother.

I dearly love around the hearth
To see your happy faces;
But more I love than aught on earth
To see your smiling graces!

I dearly love young hearts that leap
When Freedom's trumpet blows;
But more I love young hearts that weep
O'er Truth and Mercy's woes.

I love in the old arm-chair to be,
When the blaze is bickering high—
Come, Mary wee, to Mother's knee,
For a tale of the days gone by!

A name, then, darlings, in your ear—
A name that wears a crown—
A household name that starts a tear—
The name of the martyr Brown!

Oh! keep it green in memory,
As your own Scottish hills;
And beautiful in sunny ray,
As your own mountain rills!

The folk all round knew the word and smile
Of the "godly carrier Brown;"
Many a day through the Muirs o' Kyle,
He travelled up and down.

The thick grey mists yet mantling lay
On Priesthill's lonely brow;
The sunless stream still groped its way
'Neath thorn and hazel bough.

The birds of May were silent still
In brake, and broom, and tree;
Nor yet with a scream from the rocky hill
Had sprung the eagle free.

The shepherd's eye alone could catch
The ripple of coming day,
When John Brown left his roof of thatch
For the moss on the hillside grey.

On through the mist o'er the dewy heath,
And on till the stars of night
Sunk one by one, as in a sheath,
Their twinkling darts of light.

A prayer he breathed upon his way
For the dear hearts at home:
That God would kindly be their stay—
Their rock amidst the foam!

Reaching the moss, in the breaking gloom
He peaceful plies his spade,
Thinking, perchance, of the Cross, and the tomb
Where Jesus once was laid.

But oh! a silent, glittering snake
Is gliding swiftly near,
And soon its deadly hiss will break
Upon the victim's ear!

For Clavers o'er the moorland dim
Is spurring on his track,
With thrice a score of troopers grim
All spurring at his back!

So softly o'er the moss they beat,
That still the good man toils,
Till now, alas! there's no retreat
From the serpent's cruel coils!

Too late he hears their bridles ring—
Too near their swords are flashing,—
And first through the mists that round them cling
He sees fierce Clavers dashing.

A moment more, and eye to eye
The good man fronts Dundee;
But from his lips there comes no cry,
Nor sinks in fear his knee.

"Back! back!" he cries, with lips that foam—
"Back! back!" he cries in glee—
"It may be well for some at home
The rebel's death to see!"

At this the good man's cheek grows pale;
His grief I may not tell;
He fears that faith this hour may fail
His dear wife Isabel.

Hark, Isabel! what trampling sound
Comes near and nearer still!
What if the wild dragoons have found
Your husband on the hill?

And now she runs in haste to the door,
In haste, alas! to see
Her own true husband march before
The troopers of Dundee.

She lifts her boy, to father dear—
She takes his sister's hand,—
And now she meets without a tear
The heartless trooper band.

Their leader draws his black steed's rein
Before the good man's door—
The dun peat reek, like a hearse's train,
The hill is winding o'er.

And now the tyrant asks him, why
He keeps from the kirk away?
And bids him swear by God on high
The Stuart to obey.

Now, children, hear the good man say—
"That, Sir, I daurna sweer:
I hae anither to obey—
The King o' a' kings here!"

"Then to your pray'rs!" exclaims Dundee,
"I swear that thou shalt die!"
He bends upon the heath his knee,
And upward turns his eye.

"O Lord!" he prays, "the lang dark nicht
Bring shortly to an en',
An' sen', oh! sen' the mornin' licht
To the puir folk o' the glen!

"An' them, O Lord my God! forgie
Wha burn to spill my bluid,
An' gie them strength fra ill to flee,
An' grace to think o' guid!"

"He preaches well, my merry men,
But prays, I think, amiss!"
The good man says—"Ye dinna ken
What pray'r or preachin' is."

"An' noo, Lord, keep fra the caul' worl's blast
My dearest wife and weans,
An' fetch us a' in joy at last
To the hame where Jesus reigns!"

"Now haste thee, haste, and take farewell,
For death is very near!"
He rose and clasped his Isabel,
And kissed his children dear.

"My dear, dear wife! I lang hae seen
This trial on its way,
An' warned ye on our marriage e'en
O' the black an' stormy day.

"An' noo, my love, oh! can ye pairt
Fra me richt wullenlie?"
"Dear John, I gie ye fra my heart,
If the Lord's wull it be."

"Like the sang o' the birds in June, dear wife,
Your sweet words fill my ear;
Oh! welcome noo eternal life—
Welcome the bluidy bier!"

"No more of this!" screams bloody Graham,
And parts them in his ire;
Six troopers see his glance of flame,
And hear him thunder—"Fire!"

No carabine in air they raise,
Nor stirs one trooper's hand;
But all in tearful silence gaze
On him who gives command.

Then rang upon the startled ear
The pistol of Dundee,
And sunk in blood the martyr dear,
While Jesus bent to see.

"What think you," asks the murderer,
"Of your dead husband there?"
"I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir;
But noo, oh! muckle mair!"

"It were but just to lay thee too
By the bold rebel's side."
"Ye hae the heart, but near me noo
Is Ane ye canna bide.

"An' for this wark hoo wull ye face
The Lord i' the judgment morn?"
"To men I'll answer, and I'll place
My hand on God in scorn!"

He said, and with his troopers wheeled
In fiery haste away;
She watched until the mist concealed
Them in its curtain grey.

Then gathered she his bloody brains
And straight his members laid;
And next above his dear remains
She calmly spread her plaid.

But when the work of love was o'er,
She bowed her head and wept;
And to her bosom sad and sore
Her darlings nestling crept.

They wept on bleak and lone Priesthill,
Beneath the pale blue sky;
No sound they hear but the mountain rill
That sadly tinkles by!

They wept on Priesthill lone and bare,
They wept; but, children dear,
List ye the song of the angels there—
Of the bright ones hovering near!

I.

Little know these weepers here
Of the martyr's crown and palm—

Softly, softly catch each tear,
For a pearly drop of balm!

II.

Little dream these weepers here
Of the love for them in store—
Softly, softly catch each tear,
For a gem to them the more!

III.

Blessed are these weepers here,
Heaven's comfort theirs shall be—
Softly, softly catch each tear,
For the Prince of Life to see!

IV.

Soon shall know these weepers here
How sweeter far is home,
After the long dark night of fear,
The tempest, and the foam!

THE MARTYRS OF THE SEA.

LONG years ago, long years ago,
One day in the month of May,
Two martyrs through the gates of woe
Passed to eternal day.

They passed not from the woodland hill,
Nor passed they from the glen,
Nor passed they from the moorland rill,
Far from the haunts of men.

But where the waves come o'er the sand
To welcome Blednoch home—
There passed they to the "happy land,"
There passed they through the foam!

Come, merry boys and girls at play,
And hear the martyr's story—
A story of night and yet of day,
Of Scotland's grief and glory.

One with the church that bore the cross
In the Covenant time of old,
They counted all things here but loss,
To win the crown of gold.

That Christ was King of Zion crowned
They told the court of blood;
And so were hurried to be drowned
By Windram in the flood!

On came his troopers in the sun,
With ringing bridle reins—
On came they armed with sword and gun
To Solway's sandy plains.

But what of troopers' sword and gun,
And ringing bridle reins?—
Tell who the crown of victory won
On Solway's sandy plains!—

One was a virgin of eighteen,
With gentle eyes of blue,
A form of loveliness, I ween,
And hair of golden hue.

The other wore the crown of age,
A crown bedimmed with sorrow;
But a brighter one she found, I gage,
Before another morrow.

On with the troop, 'mid laughter loud,
Their souls to Jesus clinging—
They scarcely saw the milk-white cloud,
Nor heard the gay lark singing!

O sea! how beautiful thy sweep!
The wild gull's plunge how free!
But pardon, if they could not keep
A loving eye on thee.

Oh! sad and sweet their last farewell
To friends on the sea-shore spoken!
And prayers were breathed and blessings fell,
Like the box of ointment broken.

But hark! the drum and trumpet shrill
Forewarning death must be;
While answers nearer, nearer still,
The drum-beat of the sea!

Oh! had ye seen them bound that day
To stakes on the yellow sands—
Ye would have wept your hearts away,
And wrung your little hands.

Brightly the sun on the helmets glanced
Of the troopers fierce that bound them;
Back on the people Windram pranced,
And cleared a space around them.

On comes the wave in the sunny day
With a smile like Judas' sweet;
And now its kiss the martyr grey,
Feels on her naked feet.

Anon to the younger pilgrim flows
The chilly plashing water;
But ever as it comes and goes,
One whispers—"Fear not, Daughter!"

Oh! hear her thrilling anthem rise—
That psalm-tune from the glen!
Oh! hear it, for beneath our skies
She will not sing again!

Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins, remembered be:
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

O turn Thee unto me, O God,
Have mercy me upon;
Because I solitary am,
And in affliction.

O do Thou keep my soul; O God,
Do Thou deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed; for I
Do put my trust in Thee.

O let integrity and truth
Keep me, who Thee attend.
Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send

Away the solemn music dies;
But loudly from the deep—
"Nor height nor depth my soul," she cries,
"From Christ shall ever keep."

The waters rise on the aged saint,
They rise from breast to chin—
She prays, but the prayer becomes more faint—
The billows close her in.

On come they with a darker roll—
Wild Chivalry of Death!
Till Jesus, Saviour of the soul,
Receives her dying breath.

"Ho, maiden! see ye visions fair?
Or see ye aught to chill?"
"I see but Jesus struggling there,
In His own member still!"

On the heaving brine her tresses float;
Her eyes are dim with spray;
The cold sea climbs above her throat—
Her breath is nigh away!

"Ho, maiden! let me hear you cry—
God save our lord the king!"
"God save him!" was her faint reply,
"And you beneath His wing!"

They raised her dripping from the wave,
And pledged her life's delight,
If she would be the tyrant's slave,
And swear that wrong was right.

Like one to whom the world was dead,
Like one who sought a pillow—
"I'm a child of Christ," she meekly said—
They plunged her 'neath the billow!

Approach, O Death, on the billowy foam!
But the soul is far from thee—
The joyous Angels waft it home,
Home to the glassy sea!

And clearer for the stormy night
Is now the day of calm—
Lo! there for evermore in light
The martyrs praise the Lamb!

Yet, children, where their grave is seen,
Would ye not like to be?
Then seek it in the churchyard green
Of Wigton by the sea.

Summer lark, I bid thee sing
Above their place of rest—
Summer flower, I bid thee spring
In beauty on their breast!

Summer sky, with cloud of snow
And arch of blue bend o'er them—
Summer wave, with voice of woe
For evermore deplore them!

ARGYLE'S TESTIMONY.

'Tis the last, brief, solemn hour,
When the dragon Death has power;
'Tis the dark, dull, dreary time,
When the bell its merry chime,
And the flag its joyous wave,
Have forgotten o'er the grave.

Tell for whom the grave is yawning—
Death! for whom the cold black awning!
On the scaffold name him there
Standing with majestic air.
Can that peaceful brow, the while,
Mark another than Argyle?

Whence that bearing meek and high,
And that smile when death is nigh?
Never pulse of Roman bold,
Never heart of Spartan mould
Beat so true and calm with power,
In the last, brief, solemn hour.

Truth's sweet fragrance in his breath,
Hear him from the stage of death:—
"Not the crown that ever alters,
Not the harp that ever falters,

Not this passing earthly shine,
But eternal joys be mine!

"These are times of Satan's will,
Times when Zion weeps her fill;
Times when soul or body riven,
Is the sad dilemma given.
Counting all things here but loss,
Welcome, O my soul, the cross!

"Not as black with guilt I die—
God will prove it by-and-by.
For the crown I gave at Scone,
This is Royal Charles' boon—
Thanks, my liege, for death's fleet wing
To my crown and to my King!

"May the grace that makes my heaven
To mine enemies be given!
Love so fills my vessel here,
It can hold no drop of fear;
Peace for Scotland dear, I pray—
Welcome Christ and endless day!"

Strikes the hour of Campbell's doom,
Strikes the hour for rest and room
With the Lord in paradise!
Many are the prayers that rise,
Many are the tears that fall—
God hath seen and heard them all.

Hat and cloak he gives away,
As with Death he meant to play!
Earth and sky with sunshine laden,
See him kneel to kiss the Maiden!
Of his hand one signal wave,
And Argyle will have the grave.

Not a trumpet soundeth now,
Not a mourner breathes his vow,
Not an eye but's on the Maiden
With the axe of murder laden,—
Ha! the hand—the signal wave!
Good Argyle is for the grave.

Mourn him, though his sword and spear
Never won him place in story;
Mourn him, though his proud compeer*
Wear the purple robe of glory.

What is fame that mocks at truth?
What is power that wades in slaughter?
But the meteor's gleam, in sooth—
But the foam-bell on the water.

Falling for Immanuel's crown,
On his country's altar dying,
Lay him, brothers, gently down,
Gently where the loved are lying!

* Montrose.

THE MARTYR OF ST ANDREWS.

MEN mourn thee, Time, and speak of where thy
dark wing broods for aye,
Of cities in the wilderness o'ermantled by decay,
Of thrones for ever lost in dust, of pulsing beauty
fled,
And of the satyr's moonlight dance on lonely
mounds of dead ;
But, surely, we may thank thee, here, with kind-
ling heart and eye—
Nurse of the blood-stained seed of Truth to
Freedom's harvest high !

Where rolls the sea that washes not Britannia's
daring keel ?
Where bends the sky that rings not with the
Briton's bold appeal ?
He scents the balmy breath at home of Liberty
in flower ;
And where the breeze that waveth not the banner
of his power ?
Sons of the mountain and the main, 'twere well
your sires to know—
The men who dowered you with their fame, so
many years ago !

They glide from many a stormy peak, from many
a dusky dell ;
They come from many a scaffold grim, from
many a donjon-cell ;
They rise from Smithfield's altar-fires, and from
the "Auld Grayfrier's,"
From the wild surges of the sea, and mossy in-
land meres ;
From many an ancient battle field and isle foam-
girt they rise—
The host of our heroic sires, the Kings of sacrifice !

Hail, Martyr of St Andrews' pile ! thou comest
through the night,
A crown of gold upon thy head, far shedding
joyful light !
Come, Muse, thou daughter of the skies, ere yet
the vision flee—
Come with the memory of his death for truth
and liberty !

When Arran held the reins of power
With weakling's changeful hand,
When Beaton built St Andrew's tower,
To lord it o'er the land—
Wishart preached the Gospel story,
Winning many souls to glory.

When smote the Plague, by night and day,
Its thousands in Dundee,

When priests and friars, black and grey,
  Were not the last to flee—
Wishart, in their hour of sadness,
Poured the very balm of gladness.

In his proud castle by the sea
  Rejoiced the Cardinal—
A shadow crossed him in his glee,
  And marred the festival—
Wishart's spirit of contrition
Frowned upon his dark ambition.

The treachery of Bothwell gave
  His person to the foe ;
The freeman stood before the slave,
  But not with look of woe—
Prelate, call thy guards around thee,
Lest the son of Truth confound thee !

They mocked him with an empty trial,
  While clamour shook the roof ;
For argument they gave denial,
  And slandering for proof.
Doomed to death by stoled oppression,
Heaven smiled on his confession !

Within the castle's open court
  They bind him to a stake ;
And round him there in cruel sport
  A fagot-pile they make—

Joy in Beaton's eye-ball dancing,
From the cushioned rampart glancing!

The soldiery of Rome are there,
With gleaming brand and spear;
The brazen guns are pointed where
The people may come near—
Priests and monks with voices pealing,
Curses on him are unsealing.

And yet the martyr's brow is calm,
And peace is in his smile;
He thinks upon the promised palm,
And scorns the tempter's wile—
Death! thy name be sweetly spoken:
Life is but a pitcher broken!

The pile is fired! the blaze ascends,
The trumpet's peal is louder,
The eager prelate forward bends
To see the bursting powder.
Mark the spasm in the feature
Of Jehovah's ransomed creature.

Hark! through the blinding smoke he speaks,
And 'mid the wreathing flame—
Ho, Beaton, list! thy face he seeks,
He syllables thy name!
Caiaphas! he bids thee tremble,
Judgments on thy track assemble!

"Proud man! the hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead—
I see the cloud-born lightning spring
On thy devoted head!
Where, then, *where* thy downy pillow,
Whirled upon destruction's billow?

"O Scotia! land of many prayers!
A brighter day shall dawn—
Each mountain-crest a glory wears,
Peace smiles on every lawn!
God shall be thy joy for ever,
Rolling through thee like a river!

"Then welcome, Death! O world, farewell!
To friend and foe adieu!
I mourn not, life, thy broken spell,
Thy vanished sky of blue—
Time, away with me to glory,
To rehearse salvation's story!"

Yet higher mounts the deathful blaze;
A little while, and then
The martyr to the realms of praise
Soared from the hands of men—
Joined the martyrs all a-maying,
And the white-robed elders playing!

Joined Abel there for ever blest,
And Stephen safe at home—

The saints through Time's long reign oppressed,
Poor waifs upon the foam—
Joined their strain of adoration
On the shores of high salvation,
Till the resurrection morning
Give perfection of adorning.

GIDEON;

OR,

A LAY OF CANAAN.

I.

For seven years had Canaan
The groves of Baal seen;
For seven years had Midian
The scourge of Israel been;
And now the eye of Heaven
Was dropping tears of woe,
And the great spoiler famine
Was stalking to and fro;
For year by year, the harvests
By the breath of the desert fanned,
Had come the hosts of Midian
Black swarming o'er the land.

II.

From many a sunny vale,
And many a dark green hill,
They came with vessels of spoils
The peasant land to fill!

From where the top of Pisgah
Burns with the dying day;
From where the rapid Arnon
Breaks on its lonely way;
From the far wild of Paran,
And the drear waste of Zin,
They came with trump and banner,
And loud tumultuous din.
With helm, and spear, and buckler,
Dark Amalek shone by,
With all the warrior children
Of the bright eastern sky.
With the clash of merry cymbals
Zalmunna's train came on;
And far in gold and purple
The guard of Zebah shone;
With the tramp of a thousand camels,
And barbs careering fast,
Oreb and Zeeb proudly
In their war chariots passed.

III.

If shone the reaper's sickle,
For Midian it shone,
The ravished olive pointed
Where Midian had gone.
No more with vine and terrace
Manasseh's uplands smiled;
No more the folds of Judah
Made glad the weary wild;

Through Asher fair and Ephraim
The stalls were empty found;
And famished dogs in fury
Howled o'er each burial ground:
When, bursting Baal's fetters,
With a cry the Hebrews came
For mercy from Jehovah,
For refuge in His name.

IV.

A seer arose in Judah,
And for Jehovah spoke;
An angel came to Ophrah,
And sat beneath the oak—
The same Almighty Angel
The patriarch clasped of old,
Came to arouse a champion
In Gideon the bold.
With signs of awful wonder
He bowed the hero's heart;
With words of hope and mercy
He fired him to his part.
That night his courage blossomed,
And Baal's altar fell—
Pale Ashtaroth in heaven
The ruin aided well!
Then on Jehovah's altar
Once more the bullock bled;
And far o'er hill and valley
The name of Gideon sped.

V.

The dreadful hosts of Midian
Are camped in Jezrëel ;
And, like the stars of heaven,
Their numbers none can tell.
Their tents like billowy cloud-land,
Are covering the vale ;
And herds of plundered cattle
Are lowing in their pale.
The planted spears are glittering
At eve along their lines ;
And on their barbarous pennons
The purple sun-beam shines.
O'er Judah's desolation
In scorn they strike the shell,
And leap in the dance of triumph
To the tuneful timbrel's swell.
O'er bands with spoil returning
Their hourly pæans ring ;
And louder still and louder
The priests of Baal sing.

VI.

Anointed by the Spirit,
The great Avenger springs ;
And louder still and louder
The trump of Gideon rings.
As on the backs of eagles
His eager couriers fly ;

And well the gathering people
To Freedom's trump reply.
The house of Abiezer
Around him mustering come ;
From Gilboa to Carmel
Has rolled the patriot hum.
From many a rocky cavern,
And many a bushy den,
Are streaming shaggy cohorts
Of brave long-hunted men.
From Kishon's ancient river
To Merom's marshy plain—
To arms, to arms they're rushing
Like torrents big with rain !

VII.

Bold Ephraim and Asher
With bounding hopes advance ;
And swords that long were hidden
In the free sunshine glance.
With sling and bow and arrow,
And many a challenge-yell,
They hurry towards Midian,
And pitch by Harod's Well.
But not by Israel's thousands,
Not by their "flesh and blood,"
Will the Lord God Almighty
Roll back the Midian flood.
So Gideon commandeth
The wavering away ;

And two-and-twenty thousand
Turn homeward in a day.
Ten thousand still remaining,
He brings them to the stream,
As on their way to battle,
To drink in sunny gleam.
Three hundred lap the waters
Up streaming from the hand,
Drinking as drinks the hunter
Hot chasing o'er the sand;
And while the foam yet sparkles
Where they have scooped the wave;
And while the prostrate thousands
The lip and beard still lave:
God marks the true Three Hundred,
And summons them to save.

* * * * *

VIII.

He rouses the Three Hundred
With all *the dream* fortells;
And, forming fast in darkness,
With hope each bosom swells.
Three parties of a hundred
Arm fool-like at his word,
Feeling the soul of Gideon
Is by Jehovah stirred.
Each right hand takes a trumpet
With notes of piercing din;

Each left hand takes a pitcher
With burning lamp within.
No trump must blow till Gideon's
On deepest silence rings—
No voice must cry till Gideon's
The fatal watch-word flings.
So softly down the mountain
They steal upon the foe,
The first watch is retiring
Without a sign of woe;
The middle watch arriving
Gives no alarming sound,
When Gideon's Three Hundred
The Midian camp surround.
Like the sand upon the sea-shore
The mighty are asleep,
And over them the night-winds
Like moaning dirges sweep.
Like the blast of an archangel
Three hundred trumpets blare;
And thousands upon thousands
Wake grappled by despair.
Out, out upon the darkness
They fling their frantic gaze,
When smash three hundred pitchers,
And vengeful eyes out-blaze!
And hark! the fatal watch-word,
The watch-word of the free—
"The sword of the Lord and Gideon!"
Breaks like a roaring sea.

IX.

The warriors of Midian
Flee madly here and there;
But still, where'er they hurry,
The trumpets rend the air;
And Argus-eyed destruction
Is flashing through the night;
And everywhere the watchword
Is turning them in flight.
More wildly rolls the tumult
Dark surging to and fro,
Till Midian murders Midian,
Mistaking friend for foe.
One headlong plunge in terror,
Like deer that burst the toils;
And Baal's blood-stained remnant
Fly careless of their spoils!
On, while the dead and dying
Mark out their trail in blood—
On, with the hot pursuer
Behind them like a flood!
For, long before the day-light,
Had messengers gone forth;
And on the skirts of Midian
Now panteth all the North.
On, onward to Beth-shittah,
They urge their panic flight;
Nor slacken when Meholah
Looms in the morning-light;

And like a broken torrent
By Tabbath's gate they sweep;
And now in view of Jordan
Their hopeful spirits leap.
On, onward for Beth-barah
They rush to gain the ford;
But there they fall for ever
By waiting Ephraim's sword.
Zeëb and Oreb perish—
Like wolves in lauwine's roar;
And high on trophied lances
Their heads are dripping gore.

X.

Yet faster, oh, Zalmunna!
Too slow thy camels race!
By Succoth and Penuel
Comes Gideon apace.
By thee, by thee at Tabor
His brothers' blood was shed—
Seek, seek a shelter quickly
For thy devoted head!
In vain; for east of Nobah,
Where the weary dream of rest,
And the swift wings of terror
Are folding on the breast—
Falls on them Jerubbaal
With more than human might;
And the last hopes of Midian
Are plunged in endless night.

By Gideon's sword Zalmunna
And Zebah join the dead—
Sing ho! ye rushing eagles—
The Midian banquet 's spread!

XI.

Sing on, ye flowing rivers!
Your hands ye cedars wave!
And in the morning sunshine
Your crowns ye lilies lave!
Laugh robed in green ye valleys!
Ye hills for gladness leap,
With the orchards and the vineyards,
The cattle and the sheep!
Nor fear at morn ye myrtles
To shed your fragrance round!
Nor start at eve ye olives
At the sweet zephyr's sound!
Nor fear ye fruits to ripen—
Ye fields to wave in gold:
For nevermore will Midian
Your loveliness behold.
And bring the golden ear-rings,
The bracelets and the gems,
The collars and the feathers,
The moony diadems.
And bring the purple garments
And pearls of rainbow tinge,
The silver and the ivory,
The silk and flaxen fringe.

And o'er the hills of treasure
Swell high the praise of God,
Who gave His people Gideon,
And broke the Midian rod.

JONAH;

OR,

A LAY OF NINEVEH.

SAFE from his lone and awful sail
  Of thrice a day and night—
Flung from the womb of a mighty whale
  On the shores of life and light!

Not Triton from his hall of calm,
  To blow his crimson shell;
But Prophet, come from the great I AM,
  With the burden of a knell!

In vain he shrunk from the yoke of doom—
  In vain he fled by sea;
The deeps arose with angry boom,
  And shouts of "Nineveh!"

'Tis Jonah, by his dress of hair,
  And beard of ample flow,
Sent from the night's most secret lair
  To Asshur's Queen with woe.

Beneath a blue sky's glorious wing
He views the stately river,
And nears the walls that proudly fling
Their shade as if for ever.

The wondering soldiers see him pass
Their idle bows and shields,
On through the burnished gates of brass
To the waving harvest fields!

By orchards full of crossing rills,
By sunny tents in rows,
By purpling vines on mimic hills—
A day's march on he goes.

Hark! City of the Hunter free!
He cries with clarion tone:—
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh
Shall quite be overthrown!"

Truth kindles in his visioned eye,
And darkens in his form;
Pillar and porch he passes by—
The Angel of the Storm!

Pale beauty hears through the lattice fair,
And bids the viols rest—
She tears the spangles from her hair,
And the jewels from her breast.

The warrior hears, and trembling reins
The fiery charger in;
No spear so true on battle-plains
As the poisoned dart of sin!

By obelisks in frowning lines—
The haughty guards of Fame!
By marbles proud—the trophied shrines
That king and hero claim.

By sculptures rich with the scenes of war—
The kings of the East in thrall—
The lion hunt and the quivered car—
Yet louder swells the call!

Hark! City of the Hunter free!
He cries with clarion tone:—
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh
Shall quite be overthrown!"

Still onward, wrapt in mystery,
The Hebrew prophet goes;
And fast to hear the prophecy
The Gentile torrent flows.

Where Athor's gorgeous temples gleam,
He peals Jehovah's word;
And in the marts where myriads stream,
His startling cry is heard.

The merchant hears in the gay bazaar,
And the praise is left unspoken;
The noble hears in the glittering car,
And the dream of power is broken.

By towers for watching moon and star,
By images with horns,
By the lofty fanes of "shining Bar,"
And chiselled unicorns!

Where the dark sphinxes, calm as night,
Crouch with their mystic wings,
And the strange eagles watch in light—
The voice of the prophet rings!

Hark! City of the Hunter free!
He cries with clarion tone—
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh
Shall quite be overthrown!"

Come old and young, along the street,
With a wailing stormy hum;
Poor Mammon's slaves the bosom beat,
And the trains of Fashion come.

The harlot comes in loud despair,
With hair like passion streaming;
And see in the eye of the wizard there,
What fearful light is gleaming!

But hark! the cymbals sound afar,
The shouldered gods come on;
The gods with the sacred tree and star,
The mystic square and cone.

Woe to the muttering priests of Bel!
To the false enchanters woe!
Away with witchcraft's god and spell,
Away to the shades below!

The monarch hears Assyria's knell,
'Mid powers and princes great;
And starts from the throne at Death and Hell
Approaching him elate.

He lays the gemmed tiara by,
And the rich golden zone,
The tasselled stole of brightest dye,
And bows in sackcloth prone.

Vizier and eunuch round him fall,
Their glittering turbans riven;
In ashes sit, and loudly call
For mercy yet from Heaven.

The king decrees that sinners pray,
That each repent in ashes;
Not yet the cloud has shut the day,
Not yet have leapt its flashes.

No laughter peals at the fountain's brink,
No grinding at the mill;
No food they eat, nor water drink,
By Pul's imperial will.

Gone from the virgin the silken fringe,
The bracelets and the gems!—
Gone the rich pearls of orient tinge,
And moon-like diadems!

Gone from the barb its housings gay,
And from the mule its bells;
The camel, clothed like a wintry day;
The city's sorrow tells.

No banner flaunts from the battled tower,
No streamer decks the lance;
The song is o'er in the greenwood bower,
And the wild unhallowed dance.

No wine-cup gleams at the bridegroom's call—
The merry guests are fled;
The harp is mute in the festal hall,
And a pall on the board is spread.

The city cries with streaming eye
And humbled heart to God,
Whose buckler is the sun on high,
And the stars His banner broad.

Seen by the Lord of hosts sublime,
And heard by the King adored,
His mercies drown the knell for a time,
And sheath the half-drawn sword.

Oh! City of the Hunter free!
Thy loudest anthem swell
To JAH, who fills eternity—
The God of Israel!

Thy gods of lust and wickedness,
For ever let them perish!
Worship the God of holiness,
And truth with justice cherish.

Oh! City of the Hunter free!
Thy chains of darkness sever;
For if again thy goodness flee,
Beware thy brimming river!
The Lord shall wreak His wrath on thee
For ever and for ever!

Poems of Invention.

VISION OF TIME.

"Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored."—*Young.*

'TWAS night, and in my chamber lone I heard
The tilting winds plunge madly through the
streets,
Turning from Nahum's grand, prophetic page,
I idly raised the curtain, and a glance
Of mute inquiry cast upon the night.
The city slept; while cased in shining mail
The wakeful stars, defiant of the storm,
Paced the blue ramparts of the ancient sky!
A vista, solemn as a Gothic aisle,
Wind-swept, and shown by lamps in streaming
files,
Opened away, where all the dusty day
The roaring billows of free trade had rolled.
Time was (the figures of the visioned seer

Mingling insensibly with fancy's train)
When Nineveh with all her myriads slept,
And when the warder on her walls alone
Saw heaven's queen her rich, cold splendour fling
O'er tower and temple, silvering the wings
Of her strange gods, and falling softly, like
A beauteous mantle woven with the stars,
On the broad Tigris flowing like a dream.

Alas for Nineveh! for ages now
The grave has been her bed—oblivion's mound
Her only pillow—death her dreadful mate,
With night's black curtains drawn for ever round.

New phantoms looming through the mists of years,
I backward drew with slow, retiring gaze,
By the weird eye of Memory spell-bound.
More and more dimly burned my chamber-light,
Like a lone Pharos on the coast of dreams!
Erelong it vanished, and my soul at sea,
Sailed through the myriad isles of wondrous sleep—
Isles where the wave is voiceless on the strand,
And the white sea-bird is for ever mute!

* * * * *

Strange! but I must have touched at some far isle—
Behold! A mighty ruin in a waste

Of boundless sand, o'erspread as by the wings
Of silence brooding from eternity.
With solemn step and slow I wandered on
By the prone column, 'neath the crumbling arch,
Past the mute fountain, through the empty court,
The grassy square where chariots had rolled,
And up blank streets where cymbals erst had
rung,
And the proud steeds of victory had pranced.
Nearing the western gate, one seeming like
The reverend hermit of the solitude,
Stood with his right hand on a dial gray,
And in his left an urn. A jewelled star
That *once* had sparkled was upon his breast,
Though scarcely seen beneath his hoary beard—
A withered garland bound his silvery hair.
I marked with awe, thus face to face with TIME,
The solemn grandeur of his furrowed brow,
And the pale sorrow in his sleepless eye.
"Mortal!" he said, with deep, reproachful tone,
"Here comest thou from folly's painted world
To learn at last the value of an hour?
Child of a race, beneath whose murderous arm
My faithful moments bleeding shriek in vain!
In pilgrim guise thus visiting my shrine,
Mark well the trophies of my harvest home;
Nor go without this warning in thine ear—
Eternity will yet avenge my slain!
Behold!" And suddenly in one grand line,

How long I cannot tell, swept dimly by
Million on million winged, shadowy forms
O'er the vast wilderness that stretched in view.
" Heir of the dust ! Nor thought, nor word, nor deed
For the last moment over all the earth,
But these, the moments that have been to all,
To the dread throne of final doom convey.
Talk not of eastern genii, the dreams
Of sickly fancy—lo ! my servants wait
On every soul with riches and with power
Beyond imagination's daring wing !
Ye triflers ! that have spurned them from your gates,
Or made to drivel in your vestibules
Time's royal couriers in mercy sent,—
A moment strikes—'tis retribution's knell !
Let the gay revellers o'er dice and wine,
The hollow, heartless parasites of kings,
The brilliant beauties floating in the dance,
And all the world's vain puppetry—beware !
Fools ! Have I seen the sea-wave break in scorn
O'er the lone wreck of Tyre's magnificence,
And heard through fallen Sheshach's festal halls
The night-winds howl their melancholy dirge ?
And will ye plead exemption from the grave,
Or court Eternity's avenging arm ?
Blanched then thy cheek at sight of mine array
For a brief moment ? What if on an hour,

A day, a year, the mystic curtain rose ?
What if the world's millennia were seen ?
Lo ! armies there before which Cæsar's eye
Would pale, and haughty Alexander's knee
Shake like an aspen 'mid his chivalry !
For what am I upon this barren wild
But a grand symbol of eternity ?—
What mine array, but 'clouds of witnesses,'
Or lights that shed a faint and glimmering ray
Upon the boundless memory of God ?
Then go, but hear this parting word of hope—
Time ne'er forgets who prize his blessings here,
Who truly take his moments by the hand ;
Lo ! to eternity with crown and palm
Will he consign them with his dying breath !
Mortal ! Farewell !"

The wondrous vision fled—
I saw the gray morn through my window break !

THE MISSIONARY'S DREAM.

FAR, far from childhood's sunny home, he pitched
his humble tent,
Beneath the desert's graceful palm, and starry
firmament ;
The moaning night-winds gently through its
waving curtains stole,
And softly fanned a brow that wore the signet
mark of soul—
The brow of one who calmly slept upon the lone-
some wild,
A herald from the Christian West to Afric's
heathen child :
Alone, yet not alone—for see how smile is chasing
smile
Across that face ! for now he views his far off
native isle—
Once more, in dreamland beautiful, his mother's
voice he hears,
And through the bright and perfumed air his
father's form appears ;
Once more with clear and silvery laugh his sister
trips the green,
And yonder through the clustering elms the
village school is seen !

'Tis changed,—and now through dimming shades
a grand old city gleams,
Where Fame hangs out her virgin wreath in
young ambition's dreams!
With many a laurel crowned, he hears his name
go round the hall—
But ah! that vision fades, o'ercast by sudden
shroud and pall!
Once more, beneath the dark yew-tree that shades
his mother's grave,
The dirge-like winds through more than leaves—
through withered fancies rave!
Long, trailing shadows now come o'er that brow,
as long ago,
And the pale lips, dividing, breathe the same old
plaint of woe!

A moment—and that dreamer sees once more a
bleeding hand,
That beckons him through mists away from all
the world calls grand.
Once more a Cross and One thereon shine o'er
the wrecks of time;
And young love plumes once more her wing for
Afric's burning clime!
But oh! what smiles are skimming now his face
like angel's wings,
As scene on scene through coming years in
wondrous beauty springs!

He sees the wilderness afar with palm and myrtle smile,
And hears the chime of hallowed bells along the green old Nile;
And far away where seaward rolls the Niger's dark blue waters,
He hears the mounting jubilee of ransomed sons and daughters!
No more the slave-ship's vulture wing he views by Guinea's shore,
Nor ever there by night nor day shall sound its dashing oar;
And far away through woods that line Zambesi's haughty tide,
Through many a wild and lovely glen, and many a champaign wide,
He hears from many a tent at eve, on many a spicy gale,
The anthem's tuneful echo float, the psalm's sweet music sail!

But, lo! a vision fairer still, which tongue may never tell:
Through Heaven's opened gates he hears the choir's triumphant swell!
And nearer, louder still it rolls, till, bathed in dazzling light,
New Salem's jewelled splendour bursts upon his raptured sight!

All gleaming down the sky it comes from God's
creating hand;
Attending angels sing around its walls and tur-
rets grand!
He hears the saints in white rejoice—he sees
each victor palm—
The bridal day of earth and sky—the wedding
of the Lamb!
Oh, joy to find his feet at last upon yon streets
of gold!
Oh, transport his Redeemer's face in glory to
behold!
He hears, 'mid gathered ones that bless his well-
remembered name,
The sweet "Well done" of Him who gives the
crowns of deathless fame!
But who may scale the starry heights of that lone
pilgrim's dream,
Or follow where he wing'd the face of Life's far-
flowing stream?

Dream on, thou second Jacob—dream upon thy
desert pillow;
Thou soon wilt know its radiant *truth* beyond
Time's moaning billow;
And soon beyond the reign of death, beyond the
sweep of night,
Thou'lt mingle in the happy throng that girds
yon Throne of Light!

HOPE'S NEW HARP.

In an hour of youth and music
Hope saw the world afar,
Like a beautiful bright garden
Where plum and olive are.

From her terrace gay with sunshine
She saw the orange trees;
And the myrtles and the roses
Came to her on the breeze.

But the desert-wind came rushing
With ruin on its wings;
And the harp of hope fell from her,
And marred its tuneful strings.

On her cheek the tear was dropping
Like dew-pearl on the rose,
When a voice, with heaven's sweetness,
Relieved her tender woes.

"Daughter, for thy poor harp broken,
Weep not!" the stranger saith—
"Freely take from me another
Will charm the ear of Death."

Then he played the lyre so sweetly
That Hope in wonder heard;
And emotions never dreamed of
In her rapt being stirred.

For it seemed as at the music
The desert wind sunk low,
And a balmier breeze than Yemen's
Far east began to blow;

And as myrtles and as olives
In greener beauty sprung,
And as streamlets in the desert
Rejoicing anthems sung,

On a sudden round the stranger
Shone Tabor's cloud of fire—
Rising in the cloud he vanished,
But left to Hope his lyre!

THE DREAM

OF

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

SHE slept, the drunkard's weary child,
On a bed of rotting straw;
And in her sleep she softly smiled,
For dream-land, beautiful and mild,
Her happy vision saw.

She dreamed of a lawn with daises gay,
And children playing there—
She dreamed she learned their roundelay,
And joined them in their merry play,
In balmy summer air.

She dreamed she sang so sweetly clear
That all their voices fell—
She dreamed they drew in wonder near,
And circled her in love to hear
Her voice's pleasant swell.

She dreamed that, when she ceased to sing,
They chose her for their queen ;
And that she stood in the happy ring,
Crowned with the buds and bells of Spring,
With a proudly smiling mien.

She dreamed, when on her throne she smiled,
Of one her name that spoke—
Of one who sternly thus reviled :
"She is—she is the drunkard's child !"
Screaming the dreamer woke.

ST ILDAFERN'S WELL.

LONELY he sat at still eve
At the chink of his cell,
Musing while shadows did weave
Sable robes for the dell,
The mountain, and the stream—
Musing in mournful dream
On days for ever gone,
When life resplendent shone.

Lonely he sat at midnight
At the chink of his cell—
Musing, while Luna's soft light
On his countenance fell,
On one whom, years of yore,
Affection clustered o'er,
Ere yet the vows of Rome
Had quenched the hopes of home.

Mournfully heaved the monk's breast
At the chink of his cell;
The stars, like the eyes of souls blest,
Saw its billowy swell,

And shed their pitying gleam
Upon the Marah stream
From his dark eyes that broke—
Sudden the weeper spoke:—

"O Thou who fillest night's deep
With the glittering ones!
Who safely through heaven's wide sweep
Rollest myriad suns!
Peace to my troubled mind
Give in Thy mercy kind—
To one whose joys are o'er
Promise a happier shore!

"Pressing upon me I feel
The black shadows of Rome;
The thoughts I dare not reveal
Through my bosom that roam—
Thoughts as my life-blood dear,
But which I start to hear!
Help me, O God! I'll doom
All to a lasting tomb."

He ceased; the breezes low moaned
Through the chink of his cell;
The ancient willows deep groaned
By St Ildafern's Well;
The silver moon a cloud
Covered as with a shroud;

And shot with fearful leap
A star down heaven's steep.

Again was heard the monk's voice
At the chink of his cell:
"Still must I love the heart's choice,
On *her* memory dwell!
Rome! to the breaking wheel
Doom me; but I must feel
Sorrow for love's dear crown
To the cold grave gone down."

He started; for a faint sound
'Neath the chink of his cell,
Like rustling leaves on dry ground
On his consciousness fell.
He listened; but alone
Murmured the breeze's moan—
His eye that pierced the night
Saw nothing to affright.

He rose, and in his gown stood
At the chink of his cell;
Half-thinking, where the fir-wood
Darkly skirted the dell,
He saw a shadow glide;
But, laying fear aside,
He sought in kindly sleep
Balm for his anguish deep.

A cry came from that lone cell
At the dead hour of two;
And, nearer to the deep well,
Footsteps hurrying drew.
'Tis the monk firmly bound,
They 're bearing o'er the ground—
A cowled and mantled band,
As but Rome can command.

A plunge; beneath the moon's ray
Burst the bubbles so white;
And the monk's soul was away
To the Father of Light,
Who, at the final day,
To bloody Rome will pay
Of all her crimes the sum—
Oh! may the time soon come!

The Abbot of Ildafern, then,
In his garments of gray,
Fixing on heaven his ken,
Did with blasphemy pray:
"Thanks, Lord of All! For none
Should live beneath the sun,
Who, murmuring, would dispart
Thy vows upon his heart."

Poems of Address.

TO THE PILGRIM.

HAPPY, happy soul,
If Christ be thine—
Starlike round thy pole
For ever shine!

Here upon the brink
Of truth's deep sea,
Royal pilgrim, think
What thou shalt be.

Not of earth I sing,
Nor of its skies—
Here, if troubles spring,
Feel no surprise.

Here is not thy rest,
Not here thy home—
But the weary breast,
The billow's foam.

Is not this the world
Where Death is throned?—
Where in darkness furled
The Saviour groaned?

Down, then, from the lip
With the cup of pleasure—
Sorrow's fellowship
With Jesus treasure.

Over thee, in tears,
The storm may rave—
Brighter, for thy fears,
The palm shall wave.

Here, of all bereft
By Arab bands—
On where Christ has left
Prints on the sands!

Once the child of sin,
But called from night,
Thou shalt summer in
Pavilioned light.

Say, in hope's rebound—
"Oh! can it be?"
Claim it on the ground—
"He died for me!"

When the pilgrims meet,
All home at last,
Far from the desert heat,
Far from the blast—

How the cups shall gleam,
The new wine flowing—
How the song shall stream,
The new crown glowing!

Ecstasy untold!
It soon shall be;
Salem's streets of gold,
And Life's fair tree!

Through the universe
Blood bought for thee;
Thou shalt Time rehearse,
And Calvary—

Like Columbus hail
Many a star;
With the glorious trail
Of the Tishbite's car!

Happy, happy soul,
If Christ be thine—
Starlike round thy pole
For ever shine!

TO THE MISSIONARY.

THOU art passing away from thy childhood's home,
With all its fireside smiles ;
Thou art passing away o'er the blue sea's foam,
To far off sunny isles.

Not the cloud, nor the wave, nor the stormy gale,
Have power to trouble thee ;
Yet the tear-drop is seen on thy cheek so pale—
A pearl from sorrow's sea.

For the links of the land of thy fathers break,
The golden links of home ;
And in vain thou wilt hunger for love's sweet cake
And friendship's dropping comb.

But the God of the pilgrim is thine, my brother,
Thine through the night and day,
With a love for thee more than the love of mother,
To watch thy billowy way.

Cheer thee up, though the shadows now o'er thee meet,
For morning springs afar
On the mountains that wait for thy peace-shod feet,
And face like Bethlehem's star!

Cheer thee on, for the harvest of earth is white,
And God is King for aye;
And thy sheaves must be bound ere the westering light
Goes o'er the mountain gray.

Thou wilt meet with the King in His chamber bright
With all His saints e'relong;
Thou wilt meet Him when coming with crowns of light
And choirs of endless song.

TO THE POET.

HAST thou the poet's dreamful mind?
  Hast thou his tuneful lyre?
Then wake for God and human kind
  Its strings with touch of fire!

Think not less sweet the lyre will sound,
  By hills and streams of fame,
If thou wilt wrap thy dream around
  Thy Maker's glorious name.

Thy flight be winged o'er hallowed ground
  In Heaven's beauteous light;
Nor fill thou with enchanting sound
  Some palace of the night.

Thou hast not Shakspeare's magic lyre,
  Nor Byron's burning lay;
But thou canst nurse a holier fire,
  And shed a clearer ray.

The world her freshest wreath may braid,
  To deck the brow of Burns;
But Poesy, celestial maid,
  Away in sorrow turns.

Not thine the harp whose wayward tone
  May thrill with hell or heaven,
If e'er to thee by yonder throne
  An upper place be given.

Thy strains be poured wherever beams
  A star that lights the free,
Wherever home in sunshine gleams,
  By mount, or lake, or sea!

Wherever friendship joins the hand,
  Or love has found a shrine,
Wherever flashed a patriot's brand;
  No heartless song be thine!

But oh! wherever saint defied
  The powers of earth and hell,
Or martyrs' blood the heather dyed—
  Immortal music swell!

And thy harp perish if it yield
  No deep, triumphant tone,
When Jesus wins another field,
  And Zion's trump is blown!

Be thine the glowing muse that sings
  The near Millennial day,
When startled Night will spread her wings,
  And leave the world for aye.

Bethink thee of the radiant choir
Of harpers round the throne,
And here aspire to play thy lyre,
With sweet, according tone.

A little while, a little while,
And life's parade is o'er—
Be thine to march in Heaven's smile
On yon eternal shore!

Hast thou the Poet's dreamful mind?
Hast thou his tuneful lyre?
Then wake for God and human kind
Its strings with touch of fire!

TO THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

EPHESIANS vi. 10-21.

HARK! the bugles sound reveille!
Soldier, up with dawning day!
Let thy King and Captain see thee
Muster first of His array.
Soldier of the God of battles!
Up and edge the dart of prayer—
Up and don the glorious armour
That the Lord of glory bare!

Up and don the dazzling breast-plate
Of eternal righteousness—
Take the helmet of salvation,
And the crest of hopefulness!
Rise, and take love's winged sandals,
Far to bear the olive wreath—
Arm with faith's all-saving buckler,
And the Spirit's sword unsheathe!

Haste away, and take the watchword—
"Fear not!" from thy Captain's lips;
For the foe is rolling nearer,
And the dust clouds day eclipse!

Hark, the murmur of his legions,
Like the howl of wolves for prey!
Soldier, hasten where thy pennon
Fires the mists of morning gray!

Ha! I see thee in the battle
Charge the godless felons home!
Sin shall never triumph o'er thee,
Though his legions round thee foam.
Now I see thee strike at Envy,
Mammon feels thy mortal thrust;
Now the brilliant plumes of Pleasure
Sink before thee in the dust!

Shake from thee like clinging vipers
Doubt and fear that all is vain;
Soldier, combat like a hero,
For the grave will yield her slain!
'Tis not hard, in Heaven's starlight,
Thy bright horoscope to cast;
More than glimpses catch we far-bright
Of the soldier's home at last.

Soon the lights of time may darken,
And death's billows whelm thee o'er;
But there is another morning,
And there is another shore.
Crown and sceptre all are waiting—
Waiting for the true and brave,

Where the flag of war is folded,
Folded never more to wave.

Soldier, start from syren slumber!
Life is but a battle-field;
Make it not a couch of pleasure;
Never to the Tempter yield.
Hark! the bugles sound reveille!
Soldier, up with dawning day!
Let thy King and Captain see thee
Muster first of His array!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O'ER the "wide, wide sea" I hail thee rising,
Sweetly with thy gentle ray surprising
Into dreams my wondering soul surmising
What thou art.

Pure and peaceful as an angel smiling;
Would were mine thy happy spell beguiling
Care away, thy presence undefiling,
And thy home.

Star of eve! Forgetting grace's story,
Said I, Would were mine thy presence-glory?
Mine is beauty never marred by hoary
Clouding Time.

He who kindled in creation's morning
All thy splendours is my soul's adorning—
Star! when sounds the resurrection-warning,
See me then!

Here, afar, by storm and billow driven,
Said I, Would were mine thy calm blue heaven?
Mercy yonder hath in Salem given
Me a home.

Still I love thee, fairest star of gloaming,
Shining like His promise on me roaming—
Promise of sweet rest beyond life's foaming
Darksome sea!

TO THE LINNET.

MERRILY on mine ear,
Sweet linnet, breaks thy song—
Flowing like waters clear
Rippling in light along.

Sing on by lake and stream,
O Summer's golden bird!
And where the blue-bells gleam,
Be thy sweet music heard.

Trip on the broomy spray!
Wing to and fro in glee!
At the sweet close of day,
Thou art the bird for me.

May but the dew-drops know
Where hides thy darling nest;
And may the Winter's snow
Fall gently on thy breast!

Merrily on mine ear,
Sweet linnet, breaks thy song—
Flowing like waters clear
Rippling in light along.

TO THE ACONITE.

Blossom of Death! Why showest thou
Thyself within my bowers?
Why sings the zephyr o'er thee now
In common with the flowers?
Why meet on the same yielding earth
Thine and the violet's breath?—
The smile of life's sweet modest worth
And the dark frown of death?

Flower of despair! No maid will twine
A coronet of thee,
For tresses dark that mock the shine
Of the raven's pinion free.
No place for thee in rich festoons
That deck the pole of May—
No place for thee in proud saloons
With lords and ladies gay.

And yet the sunbeam kisses thee
That kisses pimpernel;
And dew-drops fall on thee as free
As daisy in the dell.

And, even thus, the same bright sun
That cheers the good man's sight,
Sheds on the wicked, as they run,
The beauty of its light.

But still I cannot look and smile
Upon thy baneful leaves—
I look, and shroud and pall the while
My gloomy fancy weaves.
And yet the winds of God caress thee
Filled with the sap of death;
And so, my foe, I learn to bless thee,
Till parts my fleeting breath.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Is thy little charmer gone—
Gone like the light,
That an hour ago alone
Made day of night?

Is thy little darling gone—
Gone like the bird,
That an hour ago alone
We singing heard?

Nor the paleness on thy cheek,
Nor sigh can show,
Nor the bitter tear can speak
A mother's woe.

But the Lord of peace and love
Lives blessing still;
Not a shadow floats above
His holy hill!

All the springs of life before
Him yet remain,
Where no tear-drops evermore
The faces stain.

Mother pale with many sorrows,
HE speaks to thee:
"Think no more of darksome morrows,
Thy babe's with Me."

Trust Him, Mother, with thy child—
What if it be
One of the thousands undefiled,
With anthem free?

"Fill me with the Holy Ghost,"
Cry night and day:
Earth is but a wreck-strewn coast—
Lord, come away!

Poems Descriptive of Places.

THE SCENES OF YOUTH REVISITED.

ONCE more by childhood's rippling stream
I find myself alone,
Watching the playful, sunny gleam,
And hearing, hushed in memory's dream,
My native zephyr's tone.

Once more the dim old woods are mine,
With many a minstrel sweet!
I hail the purple-shafted pine,
And wander in sweet summer shine,
Where beech and linden meet,

I catch the gleam of the turrets high
Of a proud ancestral home,
The stream in shadow stealing by,
Many a swallow skimming nigh,
And lands where the dun deer roam.

Hail to the pastures fresh and green,
The bonny bells o' blue,
The bright and balmy meadow-queen,
The daisy's white and crimson sheen,
And king-cup's golden hue!

Be still, my heart, for ever still,
No more in darkness pine;
For He who weaves so fair a frill
For the wee gowan on the hill
Will care for thee and thine.

And the old castle on the lea!
Deal gently with it, Time—
Gray nurse of fancy young and free,
Still watch the dim, blue, ebbing sea
In thine old hood of rime!

Oh, thanks, my God, for leave to view
Once more this scene divine!
Thy waves are rolling white and blue,
And yonder soars thy wild sea-mew,
Or rocks upon the brine.

Back to the moor of boyhood's play!
There furnace-giants tower—
But where, oh! where the sky-lark gay,
The linnet on the broomy spray,
And the bee upon the flower?

Yon spire has not yet lost its spell,
With the silent churchyard round;
There sleep true hearts that loved me well—
Sleep till the resurrection knell
Peal o'er the hallowed ground.

There, too, I mind the martyr's stone,
With its old iron-plate—
A fitting spot to muse alone,
With the blue gloaming round you thrown,
On man's immortal state.

The western sun, thick-barred with gold,
Glares from the mountain's crest;
Anon the bolts away are rolled,
And lo! he shines like a martyr bold,
Fire-curtained near his rest!

And yet away, I must not stay,
This eve to the city's din!
But God is there, by night and day,
As near me in the crowded way
As by the mountain linn!

BY THE TWEED.

At last, fair Tweed, our meeting-time
Is granted from on High;
At last I hear thy waters chime,
And see them flowing by.

Thy waves with Freedom's beauty shine,
The spring winds o'er them winging;
And, high in greening beech and pine,
The mavis sweetly singing.

Rise visions from the dim old past,
With fancy's warm blood flushing;
I hear the Border trumpet's blast,
And see the spearmen rushing.

Come memories of melting power,
Of bards in death now sleeping,
Who watched thee through the summer hour
By Eildon brightly sweeping.

They feel thy thrilling spell no more
At gloaming or at morrow—
O Life! to see thy heavenly shore!
For what is here but sorrow?

Calm in the valley's sunny light
  Sleeps yonder ruin hoary;
But I have seen a calmer sight—
  The martyr's grave of glory.

Come visions of my native sea,
  With yonder white gulls winging;
And fountains of eternity
  The ocean-dream is springing.

Fair Tweed, where'er my lines may be,
  To east or west extending,
Thy boscage green and upland free,
  Thy bold blue waters wending
Are shrined in heart and memory,
With Weirhill's hospitality
  For ever sweetly blending.

EARLSTON.

BRAES are green and skies are blue,
All the clouds are white,
Where the Leader wanders through
Haugh and valley bright.

There the God I love is holding
Nature's glad review—
There the trees are all unfolding
Flags of varied hue!

Larch and pine o'er swelling hills
Spread their columns strong,
To the blackbird's merry trills,
And the shilfie's song.

Black in noon-day's smiling light
Frowns the Rhymer's hill—
Let it scowl as black as night:
Cups of joy I'll fill!

Who hath robed thee, Cowdenknowes,
In thy garb of green?
Who hath hid thee, Carlside House,
In thy leafy screen?

Lilting birds upon the trees,
  Lambkins on the brae,
Streams that wander as you please—
  Tell me who, I pray.

Sweetly is your answer given;
  For you name my King—
Mine and thine, O child of heaven,
  Green apparelled Spring!

TAIGHNABRUAIGH.

HILLS and waters, how ye thrill me,
With your sun-wove raiment on!
Have ye with the same clear beauty
Through forgotten summers shone?

Hills and waters, clouds and breezes,
Rock and heather, fern and tree,
Glad am I to come among you,
And to find you all so free!

Who that loves to watch the sunbeam,
Would not joy to see the light,
With its morning waves of splendour,
Break from Taighnabruaigh's height?

Taighnabruaigh, calmly resting
In the shadow of the hills,
Would I heard the wintry voices
Of its sleeping summer rills!

Who is proud, let him be lowly—
Who is lowly, let him soar;
For the glory of these mountains
Is the Lord's for evermore.

Softly plash the glittering waters
On the narrow stone-spread shore;
But the bending rocks bear witness
Of their dash in stormy roar.

Come, O King of earth and heaven,
Clear the dusty pilgrim's eye!
What were nature if I missed thee?
What were for me but to die?

God of resurrection glory!
Thanks for all that 's shown me here,
Where the shadow still is brooding,
And is dropping still the tear.

Be it mine to view Thy wonders
In a fairer world to be;
Grant me, Saviour, to be with Thee,
Grant me but Thy face to see.

BY THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

LIKE withered trees that hear the pleasant hum
No more of wind and leaf,
The pleasures of the worldling soon become,
In the dark vale of grief.

Last eve, upon his miserable end
I mused in the crimson glow—
Not where the waves to dear old Scotland wend,
But where the palm trees grow.

I sat upon a leafless, branchless trunk,
There drifted on the shore
A melancholy wreck—like glory sunk
To shame for evermore.

Behind, the landscape shone in living green ;
The West was draped in gold ;
And white sails gleamed like hopes upon the scene,
Far where the billows rolled.

But nearer, breaking on the ancient sand,
The wavelet moaned its will ;
And, 'mid the splendours at a king's right hand,
The heart is aching still.

BROWNSVILLE, JAMAICA.

HERE are many things worth seeing!
  Here the Mango's welcome shade,
Here the Locust and the Fan tree,
  And the creepered cool cascade!

Here a home where fond Affections
  With the tuneful Graces dwell:
Dreams were beautiful, if haunted
  By its sweetly thrilling spell!

Sunshine with its seamless garment
  Clothes the smiling hills and vales;
Never saw I clearer heavens,
  Never felt I fresher gales.

In the early dawn when passing
  'Neath the arching green Bamboo,
What a joy to see some planet
  From the far sky shining through!

What a joy to see the moonlight
  And the starlight fade away,
And the breaking Eastern crimson
  Slowly brighten into day!

Far away the blue sea stretches,
Far away for many a mile,
Far away to where its billows
Break upon my native isle.

Many are the thoughts that muster
In the halls of memory;
Friends seem dearer for that ocean,
Sweeter love's last melody.

Evening, with thy soft pale beauty—
Evening, with thy western glow—
Evening, with thy pensive shadow,
Come with voices soft and low!

Come and bring thy million harpers,
Green cigalas, to the hills—
Come and call thy million torchmen,
Merry fireflies, to the rills!

Not a star that gems thy mantle,
Not a moonbeam on thy brow,
But has here, methinks, new splendour—
Come and show that splendour now.

Woods and streams! your great Creator—
Moon and stars! your God is mine:
Mine through life with all its shadows,
Mine until the morning shine.

Hail! then Isle of many Fountains—
Hail! thy mountains and thy vales—
Would that I could heal thy sorrows;
But the Truth is on thy gales!

Blessings on thy sons and daughters!
Blessings on my new found friends!
Theirs the love that is twice blessed,
Theirs the joy that never ends!

Feeble is my voice, and feebler
Is the harp, perchance, I own;
But, could feeling teach my fingers,
There were thunder in its tone—

Thunder for thy sins, Jamaica,—
Sins the pure are grieved to name;
Thunder—could its peal but rouse thee
To escape Gomorrah's flame!

What is Law if it be powerless?
What is Life if it be sleep?
What a harvest, O ye mortals!
Will the Judgment-Angels reap!

Up! ye souls, for life eternal—
Up with hope that charms from sin:
Still the gates of Grace are open,
And the Saviour cries—"Come In!"

Poems in Illustration of Scripture.

THE MYSTIC TEMPLE.

1 PETER ii. 1-8.

A TEMPLE has been building
Through many a weary day—
A bright and beauteous temple
That never will decay!
From hills that bask in sunshine,
And plains that sleep in snow;
From vales of tropic beauty,
And streams of wintry flow;
From wells that cheer the desert,
And isles that gem the main;
From city and from moorland,
From crescent and from lane,
These stones have all been gathered,
And they are gathering still—
Stones of a gleam more precious
Than Delhi's boasted diamond,
Or the jewel of Brazil!

Not here their finished lustre
Yet dazzles soul and eye—
In the dim and noisy workshop
Of Time they roughly lie!
But the chisel of the Highest
Has hewn each wondrous stone;
Nor will He cease from hewing
Till the last trumpet's tone.
Some to the strain of sorrow,
And some to fear's wild tune,
Some to the battle's thunder,
And all to love's sweet music
Through ages have been hewn.

In deep and dreadful chasms,
To earth's remotest bound,
In adamantine masses
Have all these stones been found.
And hark! in brooding stillness,
Or clear above the storm,
The ceaseless break of the chisel
That hews them into form!
And hour by hour they're carried
By angel bands away,
To build the beauteous temple
That never will decay,
Each to its place appointed
In the long eternal past,
To shine undimmed for ever

By the shadow and the blast,
Shaming the ruby's splendour
Or sapphire's lovely gleams,
With more than the jasper's brightness,
Each stone with Heaven beams.
Cut by no mortal fingers,
The sure foundation-stone
Was by the Lord Almighty
In Zion laid alone.
'Mid the builder's mocking laughter
It sunk into its place ;
Marr'd by terrific tempests,
They wist not of its value,
They wist not of its grace—
They wist not that far futures
Would echo with its fame,
That it would grind to powder
The scorners of its name !
Unseen by eye of mortal,
Unheard by human ear,
Proceeds the wondrous building
Beyond the flight of fear.
Oh ! day of throbbing rapture !
Oh ! day without compare !
When the last stone arriving
Completes the last bright turret,
And copes the temple fair.
Thrice happy stone that formeth
The meanest pillar there !

In the beauty of perfection
How glorious its blaze!
Salvation for its bulwarks,
And pearly gates of praise.

But why of stones and jewels?
The strain more proudly rolls—
The stones I sing are ransomed,
Living and deathless souls!
And in the temple's basement
I sing the anointed Lamb,
Who meekly bore the tempest,
That they might have the calm.
In whom built up for ever,
When the last soul comes home—
Home from the weary desert—
Home from the dashing foam,
They'll shine in finished glory
In clear and smiling skies,
With the Lord God Almighty
Filling the beauteous temple,
On the hills of paradise,
With floods of holy splendour—
Floods of entrancing music—
Floods that for ever rise!

Give ear, thou foolish builder—
The proudest fanes erelong
Will reel to their foundations,

Reel 'mid the dance and song!
And seek in haste the temple,
Oh! seek in haste the throne,
And pray the Lord to make thee
A new and living stone!
Then, though the night grow darker,
No fear will trouble thee—
Safe on the one foundation,
Thou challengest for ever
The surging of the sea!

"NO NIGHT THERE."

REV. xxi. 25.

IT is written, O night, on the page of truth,
That all thy stars will pale;
But, methinks, when creation renews its youth,
And the dayspring of beauty, and love, and ruth,
The sons of the morning hail:

That thy storm and thy darkness alone, O night,
And not thy starry blue,
Will evanish at Jesu's commanding might,
When, appearing in glad resurrection-light,
He maketh all things new.

Would thy streamers ne'er come to their galliard gay;
Thy sweet stars shine no more;
Would thy moon never sail on her calm blue way;
And thy bright snowy cloudlet be lost for aye:
What heart would not deplore?

But no temple will rise on that peaceful shore
To moon or star for ever—

The Sultana of night with her shrines of yore,
With her vestals, and names that like crowns she wore,
Will come to memory never.

And no need in yon city of festal cheer
For moon or candle's ray;
For the nations there walking in union dear
Have the Lamb that was slain for their sunshine clear—
Their everlasting day.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

1 Cor. xi. 24.

"Remember Thee?" Beloved One!
How can we e'er forget?
Nor moon, nor stars forget the sun
That o'er the mountain set;
But all their watch-fires through the night
Are memories of the King of light.

And we with holy hands to-day
Would take the bread and wine,—
Dear symbols of Thine agony,
Son, Human and Divine!
Remembering Thy death of shame,
Faith trims her lamp to altar-flame.

What wonder, Calvary, is this?
Here, History, thy shrine!
Lo, round the Cross see Righteousness,
With Truth and Mercy shine!
We see Hope shining through the gloom,
And Peace, Lord, by Thine empty tomb.

Thy name to heart and memory
  Is Love's sweet honey-comb,
The fount of heaven's melody,
  The songbird of our home;
It cheers us through the night of sorrow
With promise of the coming morrow;
When Thou wilt drink, 'mid palm and gem,
New wine in New Jerusalem!

"THE MORNING COMETH."

ISA. xxi. 12.

PILGRIM, ho! Thou desert-ranger,
Where away o'er the sands of danger?
Where from the coming storm?
Through the cloudy night of sorrow,
Lookest thou for glorious morrow,
And the resurrection form?

Watchest thou Immanuel's finger?
Lovest thou with saints to linger,
And link their hopes with thine?
Feelest thou a kindred heaving,
When the Psalmist joying, grieving,
Harps in the shade or shine?

Onward! Night is not for ever:
Soon shall Life's unrippling river
Mirror the trees of balm!
Soon shall light stream o'er the mountain,
Glorifying wood and fountain—
Haste to the time of calm!

Oh! rejoice 'mid tribulation—
On the wings of morn salvation
Will come with endless day!
Heir of God! I hear thee singing!
Child of light! I see thee winging
With angel bands away!

O sea! like the yellow sands that hem thee,
O night! like the twinkling stars that gem thee,
Shall the host of the ransomed be!
But away, O sea, with the stormy billow,
And away, O night, with the weary pillow,
On the morn of their Jubilee!

"JOY IN HEAVEN."

LUKE XV. 7.

"JOY in heaven!" For Christ is there
  Reigning in glory for ever,
Shedding calm on the perfumed air,
  And light on the beautiful river.

Starry hosts of the ancient night!
  Catch ye a glimpse of the splendour?
See ye winging the sons of light
  And hear ye the praises they render?

Guardian hills of my native scene!
  Though fair your summer adorning,
Fairer still are the "pastures green"
  That slope in perennial morning.

Harps of gold in the shadeless light
  Are sounding for ever and ever—
Oh! for wings from our sin and night
  One moment to hear them but quiver!

"Joy in heaven!" A rapturous thrill
Spreading like wave of the ocean—
What can angels of glory fill
With the new and delightful emotion?

See they cities in festal pride,
And the gay procession wheeling?
See they navies with banners glide,
Trump and artillery pealing?

No! The songs of the blest awake
Over a sinner in sorrow,
Seen at last by the Cross forsake
The world's to-day and to-morrow.

Hear, thou burdened and weeping soul,
With few to comfort thy sadness:
Come to Jesus at once, and roll
Through heaven a billow of gladness.

Haste thee, haste; for the Saviour calls,
And shadows more gloomily gather—
Homeless one, ere the dark night falls,
Haste to the arms of thy Father!

"FOLLOW ME."

O WORLD! I bid thee go thy way,
For mine it must not be;
I hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Arise, and follow Me."

In haste I strip my livery,
For thine I must not be;
I hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Leave all, and follow Me."

I doff the venomed weeds of sin,
And don the robes of grace;
The Father sees me fair within,
Glassed in Immanuel's face.

No more can charm away mine hours
Thy music and thy light;
I came on Death within thy bowers,
And spied the lurker Night!

The pilgrim's staff is in my hand,
So smile no more on me—
Welcome with Christ the desert sand,
Welcome the desert tree!

Come night and storm, come vengeful world,
Chase with thy chariots free!
I journey with the Lord that hurled
The satrap in the sea.

And might I through the mantling gloom,
But hear His—"Follow Me,"
I'd care not for the tempest's boom,
Nor for the angry sea!

But, far up Life's immortal stream,
How glorious will it be
To wing my way in love's sunbeam,
And hear His—"Follow Me!

CHRIST IS RISEN.

LUKE xxiv. 6.

I.

CHRIST is risen! Life for ever
Warbles in the sound—
Over Time's black rushing river,
Through each burial ground!

II.

Christ is risen! Peal salvation
Pole to pole afar—
Mercy shines on every nation
In the morning star!

III.

Christ is risen! O ye mortals!
Hear and live for aye—
'Tis the Resurrection-portals
Of eternal day!

THE GRACES.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

I.

THE Graces three like summer shine,
Their beauties never fade;
And, were they mine, no more I'd pine
In sin's dark wintry shade.

II.

If Faith were mine, then, Salem dear,
Thy gates were almost won!
The "things unseen" would all appear
In garments like the sun.

III.

If Hope were mine, my songs would brave
The presence grim of Death,
And o'er the Grave my banner wave
In resurrection's breath!

IV.

If Love were mine, my soul would be
In June like earth and sky,
When birds are pouring melody,
And flowers on meadows lie.

V.

But Oh! If Jesus Christ were mine,
Would not all three be given,
Across my pilgrim way to shine,
Like three new stars in heaven?

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE WAVES.

On the waves of ocean come,
With their deep sepulchral hum,
With their mystic solemn heave,
In the dark blue light of eve,
With their foaming crests that seem
Each the treasure of a dream—
High and low, as the waves of yore,
Breaking on the lonely shore.

On they come with faster flow,
As the winds more loudly blow;
Line on line of "Greys" they sweep—
Restless Arabs of the deep;
And the gull screams joyfully
O'er the barbarous chivalry!
High and low, as the waves of yore,
Dashing on the lonely shore.

On they come, and heaven now
Darkens like a Nubian's brow;
Over them on stormy fans
Come the winds like gathering clans;

White-maned lions of the sea,
On they come with savage glee—
High and low, as the waves of yore,
Roaring on the lonely shore.

Great Lord of every wave and billow!
What power is like to Thine?
Let Mercy watch the sailor's pillow,
And Hope above him shine.

And calm for ever in my breast
The waves of Passion's sea,
O Thou whose gentle voice gave rest
To stormy Galilee!

THE STARS.

HAIL to the stars of midnight's bloom!
Shining o'er land and sea,
Over the pine-clad mountain's gloom,
And torrent's foaming glee!
Shining o'er Greenland's hills of ice
Through the long streamered night,
And over India's plains of rice,
Loving their golden light!

Hail to the stars that march at night
With solemn harmonies!—
Orion and Arcturus bright,
And the sweet Pleiades—
The crested Dragon's spangled might—
The Bear's majestic frown—
The Pole-star's shrine of blessed light,
And Cassiopea's crown.

Hail to the stars that watch the free,
And nurse the poet's dream!
That image the hopes which Christians see
O'er life's dark river beam;

That cheer the patriot far away,
And thrill his soul returning
With thoughts, that might a tyrant stay,
Of Heaven's camp-fires burning.

Hail to the stars that, maze in maze,
Circle the throne of God!
Hail to the suns that, blaze on blaze,
Are moving at His nod!
Glory and honour, praise and might,
To God for aye be given,
Who turned the darkness into light,
And made the stars of heaven.

A VOICE FROM THE MOORS.

THEY say the fire is low to-day that burned so
high of old,
And that the martyr died in vain on mountain,
moor, and wold;
They say that harps through Scotland ring, that
charm while they betray,
And that her proudest memories are fading fast
away;
They say her Covenanting page now reads like
any story,
And that a thousand Hun-like hands are on her
Ark of glory.

And is the land no more that won my heart in
life's spring day—
The land that on its crest of yore caught Truth's
eternal ray?
My country! Can I then no more thine ancient
honour trust?
And must I see thee creep through time un-
crowned and in the dust?

I reck not of the patriot harps that wake to
charm thee *there:*
The rose of Freedom pines away in Truth's
dishevelled hair.

They say that Scotsmen feed the moth with the
banner of their sires,
And that the wind is gone that fanned the old
heroic fires;
They say that high-souled genius spurns the
peasant's simple creed,
And brands him fool that poured his blood in
Scotland's darkest need—
But no! I dream—it cannot be—ye dreadful
spells, away!
I see a light on the moorland yet, and a crown
on the mountain gray.

I see the dear old land of youth—once more I
call it mine;
I see a thousand cataracts adown its gorges shine:
No grave is gone from moor or glen, no memory
from the hill;
I yet may burn on bleak Airsmoss, and still at
Bothwell thrill;
I yet may muse o'er many a linn, and weep in
many a cave,
And still in pride may roam the land where
heath and thistle wave.

Ye worldlings, hush your scornful harps—I know
their guilty times;
But who are ye that dare to point a finger at
their crimes?
Have ye in fancy's soaring dream their high
ideal reached—
Their thought that burning bright became a voice
in blood that preached?
Have ye e'er scaled that starry night to look with
them abroad,
And see a nation kneeling round the footstool of
its God?

Ye sing the glorious march of mind, and haste it
to your goal,
Like a meteor shot through the dark of time, far,
far from Heaven's pole;
Ye fill the thrones of fame with men whose gar-
ments drip with blood,
But never ask whence Zion came careering o'er
the flood.
Go, see the buried truth up start in glory from
the glen:
*The King Eternal claims a throne among the sons
of men.*

THE SPRINGS OF LIFE.

WHERE are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Lo! where a mother's smile
Her cradled cherub's heart is stealing;
Where round a father's knee
Cluster the fragrant flowers of home,
And where sweet voices blend
In praise to Him who built night's starry dome.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where childhood's academe
Gleams through old limes but half concealing;
Where calls the Sabbath bell
To more than Elim's well and palm;
Where the weary pilgrim drinks
From the cool fountains of eternal balm.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where summer breezes fresh
O'er the green flower-bright strath are stealing;

Where the glad skylark sings
Far in the blue depths of heaven free;
Or where at gloaming sweet
Hums homeward o'er the heath the rural bee.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where down the lonely glen
Foams the wild stream o'er the granite reeling;
Where on his mountain-throne
The dark-eyed eagle dares the sun;
Or where in days of yore
True freedom's glorious battle-field was won.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where friend embraces friend,
No selfish thought the heart congealing;
Or where true lovers meet
Perchance beneath the hazel dun,
With stream and blackbird near,
So sweetly chiming 'neath the setting sun.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where bends yon blue-eyed boy
O'er the bright page the past unsealing,
With all its pageants high
Of love and war, of scarf and plume—

Waking once more to life
The mighty army of the silent tomb.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Oh! well, that not alone
Where Scott the battle-steed is wheeling!
But where dear Cowper's song
Comes echoing down the aisles of fame;
Or where the dream-lit page
Of Bunyan glorifies the pilgrim's name.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Oh! fresher, clearer far
Where John still speaks of Jesus healing;
Where rapt Isaiah's lips
Still open fringed with altar-fire;
Or where the minstrel-king
Still sweetly plays on his immortal lyre.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Lo! where yon Eastern star
The Saviour's birth-place is revealing;
Where round Him crucified
Mantle the deepest shades of night;
Where from His rocky tomb
He springs eternal to the throne of light.

Where are the springs of life—
The gushing springs of thought and feeling?
Where from the throne of God
The beauteous waters are unsealing;
Where the sweet harps of gold
For ever sound in holy calm;
And where the happy saints
In glory rest beneath the fadeless palm.

FALLING LEAVES.

PALE symbols of our mortal end,
Ye meet me on my way,
Where thrushes coo and streamlets wend,
As if it still were May.

Your merry dance with wind and light,
Your bridal green is gone;
Ye come like farewells to the sight—
Ye fall as from a throne.

Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
Ye can but fade away;
Ye ne'er will rise to meet your fellow
Upon the fresh green spray.

But friends in Christ though fallen now,
And in the churchyard sleeping,
Will blossom yet on Life's spring bough,
And glory end their weeping.

Adown the stream I see you going,
Here spattered with the foam;
And there, on waters scarcely flowing,
Ye rest as if at home.

A dream comes over me in calm
  Of trees that never fade,
Of leaves that shed a healing balm,
  Of skies that never shade.

Our days are dropping like the leaves—
  Our tree will soon be bare!
For shorter are our summer eves,
  And colder is the air.

But yet the orchard fruit grows mellow,
  As down the leaves are winging—
Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
  I hear the reapers singing!

What, then, of all our leaves bereft,
  When reaping angels come,
If autumn's golden fruit be left—
  Their joyous harvest-home!

JUNE RHYMES.

BLUE is the sky and white the cloud
In the leafy month of June;
The song of the merry lark is loud,
And sweet the blackbird's tune.

Know ye that all the trees are green?—
That all the streamlets play?
Know ye that all the flowers are seen
With crowns for holiday?

Know ye the waves of the sunny sea
Like palmers grey come home?
Know ye the wild gull in her glee
Brushes the glancing foam!

'Tis much, in the dinsome smoky town,
To hear that such things be;
To hear of the mountain's sunset crown,
But oh! far more to see!

'Tis much to dream of dark Glencoe,
And tumbling Cona's glee;
To dream of Doon and Yarrow's flow;
But oh! far more to see!

Away! and hear through Fingal's cave
The booming billows roar;
Away! and see o'er Cameron's grave
The birds of the moorland soar.

Away! away! in haste away!
The wild bee with its hum,
The charming linnet on the spray,
And the piping thrush sing, "Come!"

Away! away! the God of light
Waits for the sons of men—
Waits for them on the breezy height,
Waits for them in the glen!

Away! and praise thy Father good
That all His gifts are free;—
From the flower that smiles in the old green wood,
To the Lamb of Calvary!

TRUTH IN CHRIST.

SEEKEST thou, oh, weary one!
The God that made thy soul?
Seek Him not in cloud-couched sun,
Nor in the star-shrined pole;
For in Jesus Christ alone
Is thy loving Father known.

Art a wand of wonder waves,
A beauteous wand of glory;
Science vaunts of mightier slaves
Than grace Aladdin's story;
But nor Art nor Science brings
Peace to mortals on her wings.

Say; Can Plato's genius show
Thee immortality?
Was he e'er beyond our woe,
Or pierced life's mystery?
Hark! the Word to sinners given
Soundeth from the highest heaven!

Errant Fancy in dream-clime
Came on a tournament,

Where, steel-clad, the Books of time
  Their authors represent!
Many were the feats of fame;
But the Spirit's Word o'ercame.

Knowest thou the Book of Light?
  The wonders of its story
Shame the starry hosts of night
  With Love's eternal glory—
Read, O man! The Book is free,
And the Spirit wrote for thee!

Ask not why He let the sin,
  Nor dare His sovereignty—
Woe to him who pries within
  That ark of mystery!
Doubting child of Adam, stay—
See thy God on Calvary!

Sweet the home-voice of thy mother
  In childhood's lullaby;
But the voice of Jesus, brother,
  Has sweeter melody—
Hear it, and thy joy shall be
Like the waves of the summer sea!

THE SABBATH BELL.

I LOVE to hear the Sabbath bell
Peal o'er the stream of Time;
I love to hear its tuneful swell,
And far, sweet, dying chime.

I love it, for methinks it owns
A harping angel's wings;
I love it, for in gushing tones
Salvation's welcome rings.

In vain you tell of grove and dell,
Where birds are gaily singing;
A deeper fount the Sabbath bell
Of joy to me is springing.

I know the fanes of Nature rest
By many a lovely stream;
But Zion's temples God has blessed
With more than Nature's dream.

I care not for your viols' swell,
In gardens green and broad,
When the free, hearty Sabbath bell
Invites me to my God.

Nor love I less the mountain's side,
The valley lone and dim,
And the wild torrent's foaming pride,
Because I worship Him.

I mind me of a storm that swept
Through Scotia's glens of yore,
When many a maid and mother wept
For loved ones seen no more.

And now if clearer be the air,
And calmer now the spell,
Can I forget the martyr's prayer,
And scorn the Sabbath bell?

Oh, no; but still o'er hill and dale
May zephyrs waft its tone,
And never may its music fail
To bring me to the throne!

EBB AND FLOW.

I WATCHED for hours the restless billows ride
With hollow clang along the lonely shore—
I saw them coming with their plumes of pride,
And saw them going with their crests no more.
The crimson radiance of the setting sun
Erelong would tremble on a flowing sea ;
All night the moaning waves would ebbing run,
At morn to rally for the onset free!

And even thus, I mused, with night and day,
The starry heaven and the sunny earth,
The stormy levin and the rainbows ray,
Pale Winter's sorrow and fair Summer's mirth—
Thus with the plaint of fear and song of hope,
The pale of tyranny and freedom's range,
With death's dark valley and life's Pisgah-slope:
Rolls the mysterious tidal wave of change.

The proudest thrones have moonlike waxed and
waned,
Have risen, fallen on the floods of time—
Primeval power! It ruled ere Pharaoh reigned,
And hailed the Cæsar in Britannia's clime.

O'er Babel's dizzy towers it spectral hung,
And saw them whelmed beneath the vengeful flood;
It was when Judah's temple dream-like sprung,
And when it fell in hissing fire and blood.

Then say what people crests this wave of time,
Far from its native hut and war-canoe?
Lo! Britain towers above the surge sublime!—
Say; shall old destiny engulf her too?
And hark! o'er continents that battle-cry,
As if a thousand thunder-clouds were riven!
When shall the trodden nations cease to sigh?
When shall their phœnix pinions soar to heaven?

Hail, word of Prophecy! whose glorious light
Streams on a tide that shall for ever flow—
Truth's golden barge upon its rolling might
Saileth for ever in Love's sunny glow.
Mortal! The motion of all things is ON,
In war and peace, with smiles and tears the same—
ON, till grey Time and Death himself are gone,
To the grand strain of God's unfolding name!

SCOTLAND'S REFORMATION.

THE stormy eloquence of Knox had rolled,
And men had started from their long death-trance.
Rome, crimson with the blood of saints of old,
Saw Truth and Freedom conquering advance—
In wild despair she seized her dreadful lance,
And, calling slaves to rally round her throne,
With hell-born dreams of victory, perchance,
Glared on her foes, who, to the clarion's tone,
Came on as conscious Caledonia was their own.

The shadows that for centuries had veiled
The starry splendours of the mental world,
As if the Enchantress had already failed,
In strange unrest to earth's horizon curled.
Still flashed the spears around her flag unfurled,
And shot the lurid lightning of her eye—
Ha! not in vain Truth's dazzling shaft was hurled!
Reeling she sunk without a patriot's sigh,
And Heaven smiling bent to see the Harlot die.

And can it be that in our mountain-land
Rome yet shall have a resurrection-morn?

Never! Methinks, that hour the martyr-band
Would, from their graves by time and tempest worn,
Spring to the rescue of their race forlorn;
For oft of old, while darker fell the night,
And the wind eddied through their garments torn,
Our fathers prayed for Zion's Ark of Light,
And shall the floods of Rome e'er whelm it from our sight?

LINES AT SEA.

I.

Blow, blow ye eastern gales!
Fill, fill our waiting sails!
Waft us on to the Isles of the West,
Where the cocoa-nut waveth its crest,
And the pea-dove is building her nest—
Waft us on!

II.

Shine, shine ye starry train!
Light, light us o'er the main!
Guide us on till we anchor in calm,
Where the breezes come laden with balm
From the groves of pimento and palm—
Guide us on!

III.

Come, come ye thoughts of heaven!
Cheer, cheer us billow-driven!
Cheer us on till we meet o'er the foam
In our holy and beautiful home,
Never more through the darkness to roam—
Cheer us on!

IN MEMORIAM.

(DECEMBER 31, 1863.)

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

GONE! Gone! Gone!
My child—my Annie's gone!
Our gentlest and our sweetest
Is in the grave alone.
With precious hopes for spices,
And dearest love for balm,
We coffined her—we buried her,
By evening's star of calm,
In the peaceful church's shadow,
With Gospel and with psalm,
In hearing of the moaning waves,
And of the rustling palm.

Gone! Gone! Gone!
We miss her night and day—
We miss the face of sunshine,
And voice of melody.
We miss her morning laughter
When carried down the stair;
We miss her evening prattle,
And smile beguiling care;

We miss her form at worship
From her own little chair;
We miss the pattering footstep,
The cheek, the hand, the hair;
We miss from bed and table—
We miss her everywhere:
Our sky has lost its azure,
And home its happy air.

Gone! Gone! Gone!
But *where*, O mother, *where?*
Faith climbing up her Pisgah
Can see thy darling fair,
Far, far from night and sorrow,
Beyond the flight of fear,
O'er the green fields of Canaan,
By streams for ever clear,
Borne by rejoicing angels,
Yet nearer and more near,
Where the harpers all are harping,
And the cheer is endless cheer—
To the throne and the face of the Father,
And the arms of the Son most dear—
To the bosom of her Shepherd—
The Child of the Manger here,
But now the King of Glory,
And the Wiper of the tear.

LUCEA, *Jamaica.*

Poems of Analogy.

FROM A PALACE.

A PALACE of many chambers
Is man's immortal mind ;
And chambers of greater wonder
Can pilgrim never find.

Through five of the rarest portals
The guests for ever throng,
And pass with a muffled footstep
The corridors along.

The music of Hope is stealing
Through Fancy's pictured halls ;
The Past like a drama figures
On Memory's mirrored walls.

And Reason is holding levee
In rooms of marble white ;
High Thoughts of the blood of Heaven
Are round her presence bright.

But what of this sombre chamber
So full of empty thrones,
Where over their dusty splendour
Pale Glory sits and moans?

Ah! These were the seats of Passions
And proud Ideas gone,
Round which in their days of empire
Life's bannered thousands shone.

'Tis well, if another chamber
Humility appears,
Where Faith and Repentance mingle
Their secret smiles and tears.

FROM A RUIN.

WHO loveth not 'mid mouldering piles to stray,
And, by their creviced walls,
Or in their silent halls,
To wake the splendours of the olden day ?

'Mong ruins sadder, nobler still we stray :
The ruins of the mind—
Temples of grander kind—
Shrines of proud Genius now old and gray.

Sweet Fancy, rising like the moon at eve,
Streameth her silver light
Over these towers of night ;
Spell-hushed we gaze, and, gazing, cannot leave.

Through old economies, like cities charmed
For ever into stone,
'Tis sweet to stray alone,
And read of love where Sinai once alarmed.

Nature is but Jehovah's pictured hall
Framed for His goodness' story,
Though tarnished now its glory,
And cobwebbed by the race's mournful fall.

Erelong, the past and present dispensations
Will give to Memory
A fairer gallery,
Filled with God's riches for the ransomed nations.

FROM FLOWERS

IN THE

STREETS OF A DESERTED CITY.

THERE are times in this restless world
  When silent darkness falls
On the soul with a mortal chill;
  When through its empty halls
Not a form that we love appears,
  Or love's familiar calls
Have the sepulchre's hollow ring—
  An echo that appals.

But anon in the ruined streets
  Come the flowers of sweet Spring-times;
Desolation appears so fresh,
  We list for the morning chimes
To awaken the sleeping town!
  Faith thus completes my rhymes:
That the graves of the just are green
  In the light of other climes.

FROM THE SPANISH SIESTA.

WHEN Truth in noon-day splendour shines,
  Faint Superstition goes to sleep ;
But let Truth's brilliant orb decline,
  And she will rise and warehouse keep.

Once more her busy streets will ring
  With Vanity's gay sons and daughters ;
Mammon will ope his glittering shrine,
  And Pleasure sail upon her waters.

Sad evening to a glorious noon !
  Would that some Jael strong in faith
Might Superstition's forehead mark,
  And the *siesta* end with death.

FROM RUSSIAN WINTER GARDENS.

MANY beautiful Winter-Gardens
Have the world's poets made,
Which the strange hidden fires of Genius
Keep in summer's green arrayed.

Here beneath the warm light down streaming
From the lustres of Fancy bright,
And reflection of Memory's mirrors,
Men may wander, day and night,

Through the fairest of walks flower-bordered,
And 'mid groves of syren sound,
While the Winter of evil reigneth
O'er a fallen world around;

And, inhaling 'mid orange blossoms
All Arabia's balmy breath,
Can forget at the root of the glory
Are the worms of sin and death.

FROM THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

HAVE Sin and Satan claimed in pride
Thy citadel of life?
Kindle in holy strife
Brave self-denial's flames on every side.

Burn and consume whatever can afford
Aid to thine enemy,
Till proud Iniquity
In shame be driven from Destruction's board.

FROM A SNAKE.

WE need not always mourn the lapse of good;
For Satan woe-begone
Glides with yon snake, that makes the dust its food
Where Dian's temple shone!

FROM PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE,

OVERLOOKING THE NEVA.

WEARY pilgrim sadly sinking
In the cold morass of life—
Up with holy single purpose!
Up with Christ unto the strife!

And erelong, like the lowly cottage
By the Neva's frozen wave,
Which the royal hand of Peter
With his axe to Russia gave.

From thy spirit's upper windows,
From thy hope's piazza fair,
Thou wilt see results palatial
Glitter in the morning air!

For the lonely brooding forest
And the noxious fen, will come
All the bannered ships of heaven,
And a city's festal hum.

FROM AN ITALIAN WAY.

JESU is the way to heaven,
The pleasant way
Lined with myrtle and with olive,
O'er which in day

Vines are trained to hang so fairly,
That, tree to tree,
Ruddy grapes in branches dangle—
A joy to see!

And the vine-leaves o'er the pilgrim
Hang garlands fair;
And the song-birds charm for ever
The perfumed air.

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